

# CAEMEN-TERNARIUM SEMI-C T N I C U M.

A DOS, of R I M E and R E A S O N.

Presented by Major Geo. Wither, ne some of his noble Friends,  
Members of the most honourable House of Commons.

1. Friends, by your leave, and in a *Quick-shur*,  
If I present you with a *Dogswell-Rime*,  
Impute it not, I pray you, as a crime:  
For, whatsoe're occasion her creates,  
My Muse weighs *what*, and unto whom she writes;  
And, though she grumbles, neither snarles, nor bites.
2. 'Tis now, a *Pentecost*, and six weeks more,  
Since I was last a Suitor at your doore;  
For, 'twas your *Christmass* Eve, she heretofore:  
Yea, 'twas the *Morne* that next ensu'd the day,  
Whercin you did convene to fast, and pray,  
That, what you now are planning, prosper may.
3. God grant your *Suits* may better thrive then mine;  
God give you of your *hopes* a better sign;  
And, more to you, then *you* to me incline:  
For, if much longer, I be now delay'd,  
My just *Demands*, to me had best been pay'd,  
If, at the first, they had been quite deny'd.
4. This, is (in *prints* and writing) since the *Bellion*,  
Of that, which first made knowne my sad condition,  
At least the twice ten handreth *Reposition*,  
Yet, most *Complains*, that I have rendered you, and woe,  
Seem, as if neither heeded, heard, nor read, woe,  
And, take effect, like *Prayers* to the *Dead*.
5. This, is above the *six* and *thirtie* years,  
Since first, my *Muses* hung defiance, here,  
Against their *waies*, who now your *Sets* appeare;  
Yet, they who fight your *Cause*, have better far, far,  
They, who destroy you, have had more regard,  
And, oft your *head* is whirled, when I am unheard.
6. This, is the *twelfth* and *death* now *minck* why,  
By which, I've made *disturbance* to stay,  
How, I might find *compliance*, when I pray;  
Yet, nor choise *Times*, nor *Seasons*, *Times* nor *Prose*,  
Service to your *Causes* *offering*, by your *foes*,  
Produce ought but *blunders*, but *empty* *showers*.
7. This, is the *seventh* year, since I begun  
To suffer with you, and to be undone,  
For, being, to your *Cause*, a *Faithfull* *one*,  
Yet, have my *Foes* prevailed, by their *Ornaments*,  
To make my *Faithfulness* intreat to my *hairs*,  
And, crush'd me, nigh to death, even in your *Arms*.
8. This, is the *third* *moneth*, since a *hopefull* *signe*,  
Made shew, as if you joyfully did incline  
To be aspirious to such *plaints* as mine:  
Yet, still, *credit* and *denial* mixt wold my *suit*,  
With my *estate*, destroying my *repute*,  
And, I get *nothing* but *disgrace* and *grief*.

9. *Two twelve months* space, and twice within that space,  
 Your *Honour*, hath in compassion of my *case*,  
 Referr'd the naming of me to some *Place*,  
 That, till the *Publike* shall repay my debt,  
 I, by my labours, might subsistence get;  
 But, no effect thereof, appeareth, yet.  
 10. A place was once propos'd, for which, to clear  
 My debt, I offer made: But, one fate there,  
 Who, whilst I beat the bush, did catch the Hare.  
 Another, I was nam'd to; but, ere I  
 Could get the same reported, they, who trie  
 The surest course, found means to put me by.  
 11. To twenty other *places*, I of late  
 Was nam'd, wherein, I might have serv'd the *State*,  
 If, I, like other men, had *Friends* nor *Fate*:  
 But, they that have enough, must, yet, have more;  
 They, who are needy, must be still kept poore,  
 And, he gets most, that had too much before.  
 12. Nor would I grudge, might I my own receive,  
 To misse the best preferments you could give;  
 For, I can find my self work whilst I live:  
 And, should be better pleased to possesse  
 My self, in an obscured quietnesse,  
 Then, in the greatest of your *Offices*.  
 13. And, peradventure, better thrive should I,  
 If, I could still beleave, undoubtingly,  
 That, in this *world*, my *portion* doth not lie:  
 For, whatsoever promise she doth make,  
 Or, whatsoever likely course I take,  
 I, either nothing win, or lose my stake.  
 14. Yea, whosoever are put *out*, or in;  
 Whether you *feast*, or *fast*, or *lose*, or *win*,  
 My *portion*, to this day, the same hath been;  
 And, neither *Orders*, *Votes*, nor *Ordinances*,  
 Nor ought else, hitherto, my cause advances;  
 But, multiplies, cost, troubles, and mischances.  
 15. They, who heed this; and, mark how long I sue  
 For that, which you your selves acknowledge due,  
 Suppose my *Friends* unkind, or, very few:  
 And, so shall I shink too; if, when I see,  
 The *grand-affairs* dispens'd withall may bee,  
 You, more consider not, my wants and need.  
 16. For, though the *Publike cause* should be prefer'd,  
 Some houres, for *private causes*, must be spar'd,  
 Left, none be left, the *Publike* to regard.  
 Your *publike affairs* too, (as I conceive)  
 Would better thrive, did you more oft relieve  
 Their *sufferings*, whom, your long *demurrers* grieve.  
 17. Three months (at full) you have delay'd to heare  
 All *private pressures*, how extreme soe're;  
 Yea, though your faithfull friends the *Suitors* were:  
 Yet, you could, then, allow spare time for these,  
 Who were your wilfull and condemned *Foes*:  
 And, grace you did vouchsafe, to some of those.

18. To none I grudge your mercy : yet, withall  
I wish, that you to mind would likewise call,  
How, to your *friends*, worse things then *Death* befall;  
For, *Penitents* condemned, can but die :  
Which, were it in my power, disdain would I,  
To ask, what any mortall could deny.
19. To see our selves, with many mischiefs hemn'd ;  
Pursu'd by *Foes*, and of our *Friends* contemn'd,  
Is worse, then guiltlesly to be condemn'd.  
Yea, to behold their Families undone,  
Who, for the *publike*, did that hazzard run,  
Deserves more pity, then a *dying-groane*.
20. Although the *Publike Wants*, be very great,  
The *Publike-Justice*, it doth ill befit  
That, some, *large-Favour* find ; some, *never a whit* :  
That, some, should likewise have immediate pay ;  
Some, interest at full, for all delay ;  
Some others, *nothing*, after six years stay.
21. That he, to whom the *State* doth nothing owe,  
Should rich, by three or foure *employments* grow,  
Whilst they pine, who, thercon did all bestow :  
And, that those who have spent more pretious time,  
To serve you, then the whole earth can redeem,  
Should scarce find one half-houre, befriending them.
22. Consider, I beseech you, how ye may  
( Before all *Opportunities* are slipt away )  
Preserve their *being*, who assist you may ;  
And, let them not be needlessly destroyd,  
By whom, your *safety*, may be best enjoyd ;  
And, with whose *hopes*, yours, also, will be voyd.
23. Nor think your selves excus'd, if you deny  
To yeeld me at my need, a due supply ;  
Because, five hundred want as much as I :  
For, no good *Principle*, they build upon  
Who shall resolve, they will be kind to none,  
Because, they cannot succour ev'ry one.
24. We who are *Standers-by*, do plainly see,  
That, if *self-seekers* might removed bee,  
( Or, would in just, and righteous things agree )  
Both *Means*, and *Time* enough might, yet, be found,  
To make the sick *Republike*, quickly sound,  
And, ease the smart of ev'ry private wound.
25. Yea, we perceive, that if division were  
Well made, of what the *common purse* may spare ;  
( Of *places*, which at your disposalure are )  
And, of your *time* and *paines* ; you might have eas'd  
Your selves much more ; your best friends, more have pleas'd,  
And, kept off troubles, which on us have seiz'd.
26. New *States* and *Governments*, best founded are  
By *Justice*, and by *Mercy* ; and, to spare  
A *Largesse* too, it now convenient were :  
At least, we may expect, as well as you,  
Subsistence out of that which is our due,  
To keep us able, who were alwaies true.

27. For, what will it avail you, when your friends,  
Who, might be serviceable to your ends,  
Want means to further what the State intends?  
Or, with what courage, can those men go on,  
To help you, in that work which is begun,  
If, they must perish, ere it shall be done?
28. What can they hope for, when their *Foe* shall reign,  
Who, whilst their *Friends* rule, sue seven years, in vain,  
(Not *Favors*) but, bare *Justice* to obtain?  
Yet, get nought visible, wherewith to cherish  
Their children (which through want are like to perish)  
Except perchance a Pension from their Parish.
29. My case is not so bad: But, if you thought  
How neere thereto, I'm drove; how low I'm brought,  
And, what hard lessons I am daily taught,  
You would excuse this *discomposed-brain*,  
Believe my head broke, ere you saw my brain;  
And, let me sue, and wait, no more in vain.
30. For, if *enemies* compell me should  
To summe up all, which I in scraps have told,  
(And justly might have added, if I would)  
They, who observe the love to me pretended,  
How known I am, and yet how ill besicnded,  
Would quice despair, to see their troubles ended.
31. Fair promises, prove neither flesh nor fish;  
My gaires are, hitherto, not worth a rush;  
But that befalls me, which my *Foes* do wish.  
For, when to do me right, fit time there was,  
Some friends lackt power; some, were not then in place;  
And, some, that had the power, had not the grace.
32. Your *Ordinance*, the *Lords* concurrence lackt,  
And, my estate, and credit, will be crackt,  
Unless, with speed, you turn it to an Act.  
Few minutes may compleat it: which I pray, hasten on it  
Vouchsafe; For, by the late three months delay,  
I, six months interest, am like to pay.
33. *Bis dat, qui cito dat*, the *Proverb* saies;  
And, 'tis as true, that, he, who long delays  
A *Favour* or a *Gift*, nought gives, or *pays*.  
For, by delay, thus farceth it with moll,  
That, by vexation, labour, time, and cost,  
The profits of slow *Benefices*, are lost.
34. But, I, this *Theam*, have long enough perused:  
Left, therefore, it may tire you, to obtrude  
Much more upon your patience) He conclude:  
Yea, for a few daies, here lie make a stop;  
And, if I then, accomplish not my hope,  
He play but one *Card* more; and, so, give up.
35. As much for others sakes, as for mine own,  
This sense, of private sufferings, I have shown:  
And hope, it will with good effects be known.  
For, when I mind what work you have to do,  
And, how few, put their helping hands thereto,  
I can excuse you; and, have oft done so.

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